Harry to *Harry*, ſhall not Horſe to Horſe
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarſe:
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.
Ver. There is more newes,
I learned in *Worceſter*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteene dayes.
Doug. Thats the worſt tydings that I heare of yet.
Wor. I by my fayth that beares a froſty ſound.
Hot. What may the Kings whole battell reach vnto?
Ver. To thirtie thouſand.
Hot. Fortie let it bee.
My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powers of vs may ſerue ſo great a day.
Come, let vs muſter ſpeedily,
Doomes-day is neere, die all, die merrily.
Doug. Talke not of dying: I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeere. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtalffe and Bardol.

Fal. Bardol, get thee before to *Couentry*, fill mee a bottle of Sacke, our Souldiers ſhall march through; Weele to *Sutton cop-hill* to night.

Bar. Will you giue mee money, Captaine?

Falſ. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an Angell.

Falſ. And it doe, take it for thy labour, and if it make twentie, take them all, I'le anſwer the coynage; bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meet me at Townes end.

Bar. I will, Captaine: farewel. *Exit.*

Falſ. If I be aſham'd of my Souldiers, I am a ſowſt Gurnet; I haue miſuſed the Kings preſſe damnably. I haue got in exchange of 150. Souldiers, 300. and odde pounds. I preſſe mee none but good Houſholders, Yeomens ſonnes, inquire me out contracted Batchelers, ſuch as had ben askt twice on the Banes, ſuch a commoditie of warme ſlaues, as had as liefe heare the Diuell as a Drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a Caliuer, worſe then a ſtrook-foole, or a hurt Wild-ducke: I preſt mee none but ſuch Toſts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then Pins heads, and they haue bought out their ſeruices: and now, my whole

whole charge conſiſts of Ancients, Corporals, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaues as ragged as L painted Cloth where the Gluttons Dogs licked ſuch as indeed were neuer Souldiers, but diſcard uingmen, yonger Sonnes to yonger Brothers, reu and Oſtlers, trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme w peace, times more diſhonourable ragged, then an cient: and ſuch haue I to fill vp the roomes of bought out their ſeruices, that you would think hundred and fiftie tottered Prodigals, lately com keeping, from eating draffe and huskes. A mad fe on the way, and told me I had vnloaded all the preſt the dead bodies. No eye hath ſeene ſuch Ile not march thorow *Couentry* with them, that's the villains march wide betweene the legs, as if th on, for indeed, I had the moſt of them out of Priſ a Shirt and a halfe in all my company, and the half Napkins tackt together, and throwne ouer the a Heralds coate without ſleeues; and the Shirt, to ſtolne from mine Hoſt of S. *Albanes*, or the red-n of *Daintry*: but that's all one, they'le finde Linn euery Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Weſtmer

Prin. How now blowne Iacke? how now Quil

Fal. What *Hal*? How now mad wag, what a di in *Warwickſhire*? My good L. of *Weſtmerland*, I cry thought your honour had already bin at *Shrewesb*

Weſt. Fayth, Sir *Iohn*, 'tis more then time, that and you too; but my powers are there already: t tell you, lookes for vs all; we muſt away all night.

Fal. Tut, neuer feare: tell me, I am as vigilant as a Creame.

Prin. I thinke to ſteale Creame indeed, for thy ready made thee butter: but tell mee, *Iacke*, whoſe theſe that come after?

Fal. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

Prin. I did neuer ſee ſuch pittifull raſcals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to toſſe, food for p